

Bedtime Story For the Little Ones

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE QUEEN.
By HOWARD K. GARIS.

UNCLE WIGGILY LONGHAIR, the nice rabbit gentleman, was hopping along through the woods for away from his hollow stump bungalow. Now he would stop and again he would slide, and still again he would hop over a big drift. For it was winter. The snow was falling from the sky in big, feathery flakes and the trees were covered with long icicles, like spears which the wooden soldiers carry in Noah's Ark.

"Oh, this is lovely," cried Uncle Wiggily, and he felt so happy that he began to sing.

And, though the old gentleman rabbit was not much of a singer, never having had much practice, and having the rheumatism besides, still the song he sang was rather pretty, I think. It went something like this:

I dearly love the snow,
No matter where I go,
It seems to me so very nice,
To skate and slide upon the ice.

That's why I'm singing so,
Then Uncle Wiggily took another hop, skip and jump, and down a snow bank and turned a somersault over his tall silk hat, coming down right side up, which was a wonder.

"If you were me," said a little voice close beside the rabbit gentleman. He was so surprised that he jumped up and his glasses fell off. It took him some time to find them in the snow, but when he put them on again and looked around he could see no one.

"I wonder if I could have dreamed that," he said aloud.

"No, I spoke," was the answer. "Here I am, trying to get through this big drift."

Uncle Wiggily looked down and saw a tiny lady, all wrapped up in white fur, trying to get through a big snow drift. At least she called it big, though to Uncle Wiggily, who was a large rabbit, it was no bigger than a lollipop would have been to you.

"Oh, excuse me," said the rabbit gentleman politely, making a bow with his tall silk hat. "I didn't see you at first," and then he lifted the small lady over the snow drift she had called big, and set her down on a smooth place near him. "You are so little I didn't see you at first," he said again.

"Of course, I'm little," said the small lady, shaking some snow flakes off her fur coat. "Fairies are always that way."

"Oh, are you a fairy?" cried Uncle Wiggily.

"Yes," answered the little creature. "I am. I am the snow queen—that is, I'm supposed to be, but what with getting lost in this storm, dropping my magic wand down in a big drift and not being able to find the ice cave, where I can give my party tonight, I can't say that I am much of a success as a fairy."

"But you really are one, aren't you?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Yes, I really am," said the little lady. "I would show you my gaudy butterfly wings, only they are under my fur coat, and if I take that off I might get cold."

"Oh, I wouldn't have that happen for the world," said Uncle Wiggily, so earnestly that his pink nose twinkled like two stars on a frosty night. "And so you are in trouble?" he asked.

"Yes, I've lost my magic wand, and without it I can do no fairy tricks. And I can't find the ice cave where I am to give a grand ball for Cinderella and the Prince tonight."

"Where is that too bad?" said Uncle Wiggily.

"It is," the Snow Queen said. "That is why I did not want you to sing about being happy when I was not. Of course it's a bit selfish of me, perhaps," she said, "but I could not help it. If only I could find my magic wand all I would have to do would be to wish the snow to melt and it would then I could find the wand, but without it I can do nothing, though I am the Snow Queen."

"My! You are in trouble!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "I must try to help you. If only I had the magic wishing carpet of Sindbad the Sailor here now, I could fix up everything all right, but he is probably using it himself. Tell me," went on the bunny uncle, "if I found you an ice cave, would that do any good?"

"It would help some," said the Snow Queen. "At Washington could start the party and some fairy might come who could find my wand. Then everything would be all right."

"I've come with me," beamed Uncle Wiggily. "Or rather, as you are so small, let me put you in one of the pockets of my fur coat."

"If I found you take me?" asked the Snow Queen.

"To the ice cave, where Mr. Whitewash, the Polar Bear lives," was the answer. "He has a real ice cave, and I'm sure he'll let you use it for the grand ball for Cinderella. Come on!"

The two were at the cave where Mr. Whitewash lived. He was just finishing his dinner of snow pudding and cakes of ice with icicle sauce on, and he was glad to see Uncle Wiggily and the Snow Queen.

"Come in!" cried the Jolly Polar Bear. "What's that? Have Cinderella's party here? Why, of course! And I'll go out and paw in the drifts to see if I can find the magical fairy wand of the Snow Queen."

And Mr. Whitewash went out, while the bunny uncle and the little lady stayed in the cave. And soon Mr. Whitewash came running back, crying:

"I've found it! I've found it!"

And so he had. By pushing the snow away with his big long claws, which were like a saw, he had found the magic wand. When the Snow Queen waved the wand the ice cave was all lit up with fireflies that sparkled on the ice walls like a million diamonds. And then Cinderella came to the ball, and so did Uncle Wiggily and Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, and Sammie and Susie Littlebit, the rabbits, and Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrels, and all the other animal children. And they said it was just what they needed.

And the Snow Queen made herself just the right size and height for the rabbit gentleman, and danced an icicle waltz with Uncle Wiggily. So everybody was happy, and the bunny and another adventure. And, if the apple doesn't jump into the powdered sugar and shoot the spoon holder, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the First Prince. Copyright, 1917, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



STALLING ABOUT THE SHADOW ON GROUND HOG DAY.

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald of this Date, 1903.

SINCE Saturday there have been many political rumors about the streets and a number of developments. The Morshend men started the report that Capt. James H. White was going to close the gambling houses, but this was emphatically denied by Capt. White and his campaign manager. The report also spread that the police were electioneering for Capt. White, and this was also denied.

Eugene Neff stated today that work has been commenced on the Country club house at Washington park. A ten foot obelisk, weight 2000 pounds, had been erected in the Mt. Sinai cemetery to the memory of the late Carl Blumenthal.

The work of stringing the trolley wire on the new second ward electric railway line was commenced today at San Antonio and Oregon streets.

Last Saturday night the new lodge of Pendo was organized in the Morehouse block. The new lodge starts off with a membership of 25. It is a beneficial order.

Capt. T. J. Beall had an experience Saturday night on Magoffin avenue with a highwayman in front of the law. A crowd home, but he frightened the man away.

Deputy sheriff Will Ryerson has returned from Alamogordo, where he went to investigate the bullion robbery and to identify the man that was killed by sheriff Hunter.

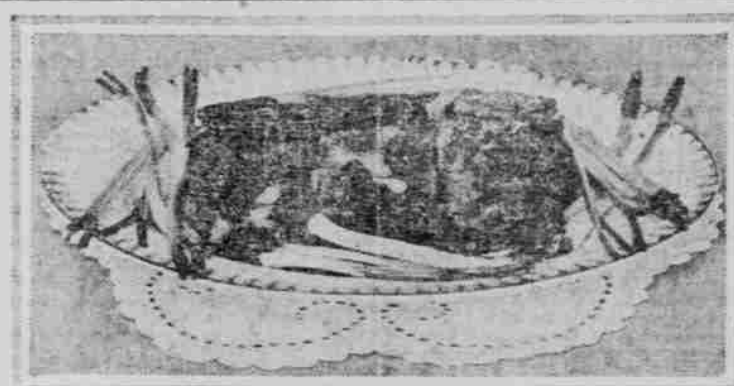
Gov. M. Ahumada of Chihuahua has accepted with thanks the position of honorary president of the International Miners' association, to which he was recently elected in this city.

A crazy woman on a car returning from Juarez created quite a good deal of excitement last evening, and all of the passengers left the car. Policeman W. J. Greet placed the woman under arrest.

The time for the payment of poll

Today's Daintiest Dish

BY CONSTANCE CLARKE.



Moulded Meat.

TAKE one pound of lean beef, cup of good gravy, one tablespoonful of butter, and salt and pepper to taste. Slice and fry the onions to a pale brown in a stewpan, with the butter, keeping them well stirred, so that they do not get black. When a nice color pour over the gravy and let them simmer gently until tender. Then skim off every particle of fat, add the seasoning and rub the whole through a sieve. Put it back in the saucepan to warm and when it boils use (Tomorrow—Miss Pie.)

CARLSBAD PIONEER DIES. Carlsbad, N. M., Feb. 2.—Morgan Livingston, a wealthy ranchman and banker of Eddy county, died suddenly here. He was the father of Carl B. Livingston, representative in the legislature. Morgan Livingston moved from Texas to Eddy county more than 20 years ago. He is survived by his widow and three sons.

Brighten the home with Sole Proof Colored Varnishes. Lander Lumber Co.—Adv.

HOW DO THEY DO IT?

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Texas Women and Their Testimony

medicines of all kinds but could not get any relief until I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I would advise all women in delicate health to try it."

Mrs. J. W. McCallum, of 1403 N. Fort St., Tyler, Texas, who says: "I have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and find it a very fine medicine. I am willing to recommend it to friends who are in bad health."

Mrs. M. J. Powell, of 116 Oleander St., San Antonio, Texas, who says: "I have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in my family and find it to be a very fine remedy. I will recommend it to any lady who is in bad health, especially to those who have women's troubles. It will build them up and cure them if they try it."

If not obtainable at dealers, \$1.00 to Dr. Pierce, Invalids Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send large package of tablets.

Mrs. Alice Swamy, of 212 Christian St., McKinney, Texas, who says: "Several years ago I was in very bad health, the doctors told me I had women's trouble. I tried three or four doctors but got no relief. Finally I saw Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription advertised and bought a bottle to try. It did me a great deal of good. I got one more and used it all and have had no return of my trouble. I write this hoping some of my friends may see it and try the same medicine and be helped as I was."

Doctor Tells How To Strengthen Eyesight 50 per cent in One Week's Time in Many Instances

A Free Prescription You Can Have Filled and Use at Home.

Philadelphia, Pa. Do you wear glasses? Are you a victim of eye strain or other eye weaknesses? If so, you will be glad to know that according to the principle of this wonderful free prescription. One man says, after trying it: "I was almost blind; could not see to read at all. Now I can read everything without any glasses and my eyes do not water any more. At night they would pain dreadfully; now they feel fine all the time. It was like a miracle to me. A lady who used it says: 'The atmosphere seemed hazy with or without glasses, but after using this prescription for fifteen days everything seems clear. I can even read fine print without glasses.' It is believed that thousands who wear glasses can now discard them in a reasonable time and multitudes more will be able to strengthen their eyes so as to be spared the trouble and expense of ever getting glasses. Eye troubles

of many descriptions may be wonderfully benefited by following the simple rules. Here is the prescription: Go to any active drug store and get a bottle of Bon-Opto tablets. Drop one Bon-Opto tablet in a fourth of a glass of water and allow to dissolve. With this liquid bathe the eyes two to four times daily. You should notice your eyes clear up perceptibly right from the start and inflammation will quickly disappear. If your eyes are bothering you, even a little, take steps to save them now before it is too late. Many pleasantly and might have been saved if they had cared for their eyes in time.

Note: Another prominent Physician to whom the above article was submitted, said: "Bon-Opto is a very remarkable remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known to eminent eye specialists and widely guaranteed by them. The manufacturers guarantee it to strengthen eyesight 50 per cent in one week's time in many instances or refund the money. It can be obtained from any good druggist and used at home. It is a regular use in almost every family. It is sold by Dr. J. C. Kelly & Pollard and other druggists.—Adv.

The Daily Novelette

HOME, JAMES.

THE Society of Economical Sports had called its annual meeting, and Simon Simons, the meanest man in Pittsburgh, being honorary president of the body, thought it his duty to attend, although carfare alone meant an outlay of ten cents.

It was a very successful and spirited meeting. Water flowed like champagne, and many of the members managed to borrow money from each other.

But when the party broke up, long after 10, Simon Simons found that a heavy fall of snow had blocked trolley traffic and that he would either have to walk home and risk catching an expensive cold, or spend an exorbitant sum for a taxi. While thinking it over he heard a voice. "Soon he overtook a tottering figure.

"Help! Succor! Aid! Assistance! Rescue! Relief!" cried a fast-freezing voice.

"Poor soul!" exclaimed Simon Simons, struck by the contrast of this miserable freezing figure with the warmth and cheer he had just left. And with a sudden burst of inspiration he tripped the sufferer up and held his face in the snow until he was frozen into unconsciousness. Then, running into a nearby drug store not far distant, he kissed a nickel farewell and used it to call up the Vegetarian hospital, which was situated next door to his own home.

"Assistance! Relief! Succor! Help! Aid! Rescue!" he shouted into the "phone. A man is freezing to death at Queen Lane and Ninth Alley, and besides, he seems to have broken his soup bone."

Eleven minutes later an ambulance dashed up. Simon Simons helped to life the frozen man inside and then hurried in after him, and 11 minutes still later was deposited at his own front door.

HOROSCOPE.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1917.

ASTROLOGY reads this as rather an important day, so far as planetary direction is concerned. While Neptune is mildly favorable Uranus and Mars are mildly adverse.

It is a day in which to pursue routine affairs and to settle old ends of business.

There is a fairly favorable direction for commerce and shipping of all sorts.

Neptune is in a place believed to impart vision and understanding of value to philosophers and poets, who will gain new place in national respect.

The rise of a great political leader is prophesied and he will perform a unique national service. It is foretold.

As a precursor of an era in which humanity will aspire to higher ideals of life, the year 1917 may be a time of extreme immorality and social upheaval. Scandals in high place, social and official, will multiply, while the stars work together for the general unhappiness of evil.

Turkey comes under a sign that is still threatening to the best interests of the Kaiser and his empire.

The Pope should enjoy kindly and stimulating influences during this month and next, but he may face disappointments and anxieties later in the year, due to efforts to hasten peace.

Nervous disorders of all sorts probably will increase as president Wilson should safeguard his health.

King Constantine of Greece, has the most encouraging direction of the stars during 1917, and the year may bring surprising benefits to his country.

Children born on this day may be headstrong and stubborn, but these subjects of Aquarius are likely to be generous to friends. Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate, Inc.



Rheumatism attacks the "outside" man. Pains and aches stiffen his joints and muscles and reduces his efficiency. At the first twinge get Sloan's Liniment, easy to apply, it penetrates without rubbing and soothes the soreness. After that long drive or tedious wait in the cold rain apply Sloan's Liniment to those stiff fingers, aching wrists and arms. For gout, neuralgia, toothache, bruises, sprain, cold feet, it is promptly effective. At all druggists, 25c. 50c. and \$1.00.

Sloan's Liniment

KILLS PAIN

"TIZ" FOR ACHING, SORE, TIRED FEET

Use "Tiz" for tender, puffed-up, burning, calloused feet and corns.



People who are forced to stand on their feet all day know what sore, tender, aching feet mean. They use "Tiz" and "Tiz" cures their feet right up. It keeps feet in perfect condition. "Tiz" is the only remedy in the world that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet and cause tender, sore, tired, aching feet. It instantly stops the pain in corns, callouses and bunions. It's simply glorious. Ah! how comfortable your feet feel after using "Tiz." You'll never limp or draw up your face in pain. Your shoes won't tighten and hurt your feet.

Get a 25-cent box of "Tiz" now from any druggist. Just think! A whole year's foot comfort for only 25 cents.—Adv.

HYOMEI

(PRONOUNCED HIGH-O-ME)

ENDS CATARRH, ASTHMA, Bronchitis, Croup, Coughs and Colds, or money back. Sold and guaranteed by Kelly & Pollard.

Eckman's Alternative

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS

YOUR SICK CHILD IS CONSTIPATED! LOOK AT TONGUE

If cross, feverish or bilious give "California Syrup of Figs."

No matter what ails your child, a gentle, thorough laxative should always be the first treatment resorted to. If your little one is out-of-sorts, listless, isn't resting, eating and acting naturally—look, Mothers! see if tongue is coated. This is a sure sign that it's little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with waste. When cross, irritable, feverish, stomach aches, breath bad, or has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, sore throat, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated, polished, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of the little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again.

Mothers can rest easy after giving this harmless, sweet laxative. It never fails to cleanse the little one's liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and they dearly love its pleasant taste. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups printed on each bottle.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company."—Advertisement.

A RAW, SORE THROAT

Eases Quickly When You Apply a Little Musterole

Old-fashioned mustard plaster. Just spread it on with your fingers. It penetrates to the sore spot with a gentle tingle, loosens the congestion and draws out the soreness and pain.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. It is fine for quick relief for sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds on the chest (it often prevents pneumonia). Nothing like Musterole for croupy children. Keep it handy for instant use.

MUSTEROLE

WILL NOT BURN

For Itching Scalp

You do not want a slow treatment for itching scalp when hair is falling and the dandruff germ is killing the hair roots. Delay means no hair.

Get, at any drug store, a bottle of zemo. It costs \$1.00 for extra large size. Use as directed, for it does the work quickly. It kills the dandruff germ, nourishes the hair roots and immediately stops itching scalp. It is a pure, reliable, antiseptic liquid, is not greasy, is easy to use and will not stain. Soaps and shampoos are harmful, as they contain alkali. The best thing to use for scalp irritations is zemo, for it is safe and also inexpensive.

The E. W. Ross Co., Cleveland, O.

Hair On Face

DeMiracle

Removes It. Works equally well for men and women. Removes all facial hair, arms, under arms or legs.